

First Line Contest Winner
Dan Wright

Postman Paranoia

The contents of my mother's purse spilled to the floor. I didn't care- all that really mattered was getting out of there. The screen door seemed especially difficult to open and I hastily decided to kick it down. But it didn't result in the way I would have liked, and instead, I dashed into my bedroom and opened the window.

I suppose you could say that I was trying to escape my own house. Don't jump to conclusions though; I wasn't simply running away from home or anything of that nature. My reason was justified; it was out of pure fear for my life.

I made it a point to leave the place before the postman came to the door. You see, he wasn't a regular postman who would leave mail on the steps or drop it into the slot. Every mail day of the week, he would knock on the door, waiting for somebody to greet him and to receive the mail. It may not sound like a legitimate reason for me to frantically jump out of my bedroom window, but I always felt that it was a good enough reason.

That lunatic of a mailman knocked twice- I could hear it coming from the front door.

I thought to myself, "Why doesn't he leave? Why won't he go back to his fiendish little mail vehicle and scoot off to the next house? Is there a magnetic force emanating from my door that brings him to it every day?"

These thoughts ran through my mind as I readied my bike for a quick escape if he attempted to trick me by coming to the back door. I knew that he was constantly thinking of new ways to play with my mind.

“Oh, no,” I thought. “Did I lock the front door? What if he’s inside? Maybe he’s in there right now. He could be in my room, messing up all of my things. What if he downloaded a virus onto my computer?”

I had to find out for sure. To defend myself, I wielded the lid of a trash can, just in case he decided to heave any especially weighty packages at me to slow me down before he slipped out of my room safely. As well as my shield, one of my old baseball bats lay at my feet, and I picked it up for use as a potential self-defense weapon.

Quietly, I made my way to the back door and opened it. I immediately threw myself to the floor and began crawling towards my bedroom.

“Aha! He left the door cracked open,” I thought.

Carefully, I stood to my feet. Inching slowly, I placed my hand on the doorknob.

The door crashed open and I rushed in swinging the baseball bat wildly, which pummeled the trophies and broke the bookshelf. My foot became caught on an encyclopedia and I tumbled to the floor in seconds.

The evil-doer had left the biggest clue of all- he had narrowly escaped through the bedroom window, it seemed.

What kind of a postman would reach such desperate measures only to bother me?

Dan has been writing and making up stories since he was eight years old. Today he spends his time refining his sense of humor and making short comedy films. Dan is aspiring to become a writer in the film industry.